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VOL. 40—No. 7

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1862

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M. SAINTON begs to announce that his ANNUAL SOIREE, for the performance of CLASSICAL CHAMBER MUSIC, will take place at his residence, 5 Upper Wimpole Street, on the following dates, at half-past eight o'clock: Tuesdays, March, 4, 18, April, 1, and Wednesday, April 23. Executants: Messrs. SAINTON, POLLITZER, DOYLE, WEBB, PAQUE and PIATTI. A pianist of eminence will appear on each occasion. Subscription for the Series, one guinea and a half; for a single soirée, half a guinea, to be had of M. SAINTON at his residence, and of the principal Musiciansellers.

MADAME SAINTON-DOLBY begs to announce that her MEETINGS for SINGING CONCERTED MUSIC (for Ladies only), will be held on every Monday and Thursday throughout the season. Particulars can be obtained at Mad. SAINTON-DOLBY's residence, where the meetings take place, 5 Upper Wimpole Street.

Mlle. GEORGI will sing "O MIO FERNANDO" (from *La Favorita*), and "O BID YOUR FAITHFUL ARIEL FLY" (from *The Tempest*), on Wednesday, the 19th instant, at the Concert to be given in St. James's Hall, for the Benefit of the INFIRMARY FOR CONSUMPTION, Margaret Street, Cavendish Square.

Mlle. GEORGI will sing at the Grand Concert to be given on Wednesday Evening, the 26th instant, in St. James's Hall, for the Benefit of the BEREAVED WIDOWS AND CHILDREN of those who were killed by the dreadful accident at the HARTEY COLLIERY.

MISS ELEANOR WARD will play EMILE BERGER's popular Fantasia, "LES ECHOS DE LONDRES," On the 26th February, at the Concert to be given at the St. James's Hall, in aid of the Sufferers from the dreadful accident at the Hartley Colliery.

MR. SUCHET CHAMPION.—All Communications respecting Lessons or Concerts to be addressed 174 Pentonville Road, N.

MR. W. SEYMOUR SMITH (assisted by Mrs. SEYMOUR SMITH) will deliver his Musical Lecture, with Vocal and Instrumental Illustrations, at the Whittington Club, on Thursday Evening, 20th February. Commence at 8 o'clock. Tickets, 5s., 2s. 6d. and 1s., may be had of the Secretary at the Club, and Mr. R. W. OLLIVIER, 19 Old Bond Street.

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Reviews.

"*Elaine's Song*"—words from TENNYSON's *Idylls of the King*; music by WALTER HAY (Duncan Davison & Co.).

Though the spirit of the "little song" which Elaine, who "sweetly could make and sing," did make and sing as "*The Song of Love and Death*," is not, perhaps, *exactly* reflected here, in other respects we have nothing but praise for Mr. Walter Hay's composition, which—whether we look to its melody, as natural and flowing, or to its accompaniment, as a model of neatness—is, in a strictly musical sense, altogether irreproachable.

"*Mignon*;" "*Self-Deception*"—words from GÆTHER, music by ADRIAN (Duncan Davison & Co.).

This is the first time we have heard of "Adrian." We presume he is a German. That he is a good musician is apparent in both these songs; but that his modesty is equal to his merit would seem doubtful. Beethoven, as all the world knows, has set the delicious song from *Wilhelm-Meister* ("Kennst du das Land?"); and how he has set it need not be told. What Beethoven himself thought of his own music may be gathered from his talk when he first played and sang it to "Bettina." "Is it not beautiful?"—says he. "Yes," says she. "I will play it again," says he. "Do," says she, &c. After this one might have set down "Mignon's Song" as, by universal consent, sacred to Beethoven. "Adrian," however, not squeamish, has reset it, more or less (more "more" than "less") in the Italian style. What he has written is graceful enough, but it has not a spark of the Gæthic fire; and we shall, therefore, continue our allegiance to Beethoven. "*Self-Deception*" ("*Selbst Betrug*"), with German and English words (the English version, by the way, done in a kindred spirit by Mr. John Dwight, of Boston), is a *volkslied*, or people's song. Judged from a musical point of view, it is at least as good as its companion; while as a *genuine thing* it is altogether preferable. Taking the average of the Proch-Abt-Küchen drawing-room songs, "*Self-Deception*" may pass muster as one of the best of the class.

"*Fascination Polka*"—pour le pianoforte—par J. C. BEAUMONT, Professor of Music, Berry Row, near Huddersfield. Copyright (L. Scholefield, Huddersfield.)

Why not "*Professeur de Musique, Front de Berry, Champs de l'Outre, Copiedroit*," to complete the absurdity? The "*Fascination Polka*" begins thus fascinatingly:—



Fascinating, truly!

"*Watch and Pray*"—words by W. S. PASSMORE; music by THOMAS THORPE (T. T. Lemare).

The accompaniment is too *entortillé*,—"indeccassibly interreticulated," as Scaliger might have said. There is margin for improvement, wide as that which surrounds the page itself.

"*Te Deum Laudamus*"—for solo and chorus, with organ or piano accompaniment—by ARTHUR CRUMP (Robert W. Ollivier).

There is abundant good intention in this piece; but here commendation must stop. Mr. Crump should first endeavour to write purely; and when he has mastered that, slacken the reins of his Pegasus by degrees. He might then ride safely on the clouds of his harmonic fancy.

"*Heath Flower*"—for the pianoforte—by ALFRED BEDDOE (J. Norwood, Preston).

There is nothing new in this piece, nor any evident reason why it should be styled "*Heath Flower*," any more than *Meerschaum*. It is, however, brilliant and showy, without being difficult, lying well for the hand in every passage.

"*In the Spring*;" "*The Summer Wind*"—songs—the verse arranged by HENRY F. CHORLEY (Cramer, Beale & Wood).

The first is for a tenor voice, the second for a soprano. Both are unpretending, and neither is without grace, although the termination of each verse of "*In the Spring*" may fairly be taxed with abruptness.

DRESDEN.—Herr von Lüttichau, Intendant-General of the Theatre Royal, is suffering from a paralytic stroke. His place is temporarily filled up by Herr Barr.

HANOVER.—M. Gounod's *Faust* has been placed on the stage at the Theatre Royal, with more than ordinary splendour. In the last act alone, there are five new scenes, painted by Herr Martin. As a mark of his approbation of her performance of Gretchen, the King has forwarded Mlle. Ubrich a magnificent bracelet, accompanied by a most flattering letter. A concert has already been given in aid of the funds for the Marschner Monument.

BAMBERG.—The Musikverein, consisting of more than 200 members, lately gave a highly successful performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*.

WIESBADEN.—Ferdinand Hiller's new opera, *Die Katakomben*, libretto by Herr Moritz Hartmann, is in active rehearsal, and will be produced on the 2nd February.

COBURG.—A new grand opera, entitled, *Die Jungfrau von Orleans*, words by Herr August Langert, has just been produced, with success. On the night of the first performance, the young composer was called on several times, and loudly applauded.*

REGENSBURG.—The numerous admirers of Joseph Haydn will be glad to learn that an account of the old master's life and productions will shortly be published. It is from the pen of Dr. Dominicus Mettenleiter, and will form four volumes. The author has spent twenty years in collecting his materials, with what trouble and sacrifices may easily be imagined.

MUNICH.—M. Gounod's *Faust* has been given here, before a crowded house. The subscription-list was entirely suspended. Not only were the singers, but the scene-painter and the machinist repeatedly called on. The King and Queen, as well as the Princes Adalbert and Theodore were present. At a concert lately given by Herr Peter Marolt, Mad. Sophia Schröder, an old lady eighty-two years old, and a pensioned member of the Theatre Royal, recited an ode by Klopstock, with all the energy and spirit of a young woman. She was loudly applauded.—At the second subscription-concert given by Herr Ortner, Court-organist, the great features in the programme were a Symphony, in E flat, by Haydn; and Mendelssohn's "*Capriccio brillante*," in B minor, for pianoforte and orchestra; the latter played by Professor Schönerchen.—During the past year, there were, at the Theatres Royal, altogether, 314 representations; 140 representations of operas, and 32 of ballets. Three operas were entirely new; and five, revivals. The three novelties were: *Der Hans ist da*, comic opera, by Föry; *Orpheus und Eurydice*, by Gluck, and *Dom Sebastian*, by Donizetti. The revivals were *Doctor und Apotheker*, by Dittersdorf; *Le Chaperon Rouge*, by Boieldieu; *Marie*, by Hérold; *Le Maçon*, by Auber; and *Le Nozze di Figaro*, by Mozart. Meyerbeer was represented twelve times; Weber, nine; Gluck and Boieldieu, eight each; Conradi, Donizetti and Flotow, seven each; Mozart, six; and Wagner, five.

* Who was the young composer?—*Printer's Devil*.

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Feb. 13, 1862.

THIS missive will reach you on Valentine's day, but it will be neither a declaration of love nor an explosion of spite, such as tyrant custom loads the tired postman with, making him thus commemorate by his sufferings the martyrdom of the good Bishop Valentinus, A.D. 271. The simple and unadorned narrative of current events I have to send you this week, will contrast with the wreath-enclosed lovers, or the garish caricature, which will form the contents of most letters received by the same post. Something of love and romance, however, I shall have to touch on, though of a date far antecedent to the martyrdom of the saint who has so oddly become the patron of lovers. All the world concerned in art-matters is babbling and prattling over the forthcoming production of M. Gounod's much and long-talked of opera *La Reine de Saba*, the production of which has been put off from St. Valentine's day — when, appropriately enough, the story of the ancient Royal lovers was to have been first told in musical accents — until the 21st of February, which has no particular fitness about it that I can discover with the help of the calendar. It may interest your readers to know the subject of the opera, and I shall therefore here insert a short account of it, translated from a sort of prospectus of the new work recently put forward. I will premise that the foundation of the libretto is a legend narrated in a book of eastern travel, published by the unfortunate Gerard de Nerval. The argument of Gounod's opera runs thus:—

"The works which earned for Solomon, in the legend called *Soliman*, the surname of the Wise, are conceived and executed by a mysterious being named Adoniram, who exhibits a profound contempt for all earthly greatness, and especially for the King, whom he treats as the son of a shepherd. The fact is Adoniram is himself descended of a divine race, of the sons of Fire.

"The Queen, yielding to the love-suit urged by Soliman, has promised to marry him, and as a token gives him a ring; but, under the influence of a sinister presentiment, she regrets this engagement upon seeing Adoniram, and while in the presence of this supernatural genius, whose power affrights even the King himself, when, at the desire of the Queen to behold his army of workmen gathered together, Adoniram, by merely tracing with his hand certain signs in the air, collects them in a few moments from every point of the city.*

"The power of freemasonry appears here in all its splendour, for, to the chief of the workmen who built the temple of Solomon is ascribed the foundation of that great moral association which has spread over the entire world.

"The Queen has come to be present at the consummation of an immense work—the casting of the sea of brass, which is to crown the glory of the master, or cause him to lose the fruit of his labours. The operation is conducted on the stage, and fails through the treachery of three workmen, to whom Adoniram had refused to disclose the master's pass-word.

"Adoniram, crushed by the weight of his misfortune, loses all courage on learning that Soliman loves the Queen; but the latter has seen him so great in his creation† that she discovers he is of royal origin, and makes an avowal of her love, notwithstanding the oath which binds her to the King.

"The work of Adoniram has been successfully completed through the assistance of the Djuns during the night; his glory is restored, but hatred pursues him; the three workmen have detected his secret dealings with the Queen, and inform Soliman, who promises them the pass-word, if they know how to earn it as a reward. Adoniram must die!

"The Queen, to recover her token, employs a means which only the Biblical origin of the legend can authorise‡: she fills Soliman's cup with an enchanted beverage, and abstracts the ring; but in her flight from Jerusalem she encounters the vengeance of the King; Adoniram, with his expiring breath, utters a last attestation of his love, and expires."

With me, I am sure you will admire this insurpassable document. It is positively dazzling with darkness, overwhelming with majestic obscurity. Oracular — portentous — sublime! What a

* For the profound obscurity of this paragraph, not the translator but the original author is responsible. A mystic style was probably thought suitable to a mystic subject.

† *Locus admodum nebulosus.*

‡ Qu'est-ce? De quoi? Plait-il? *Obscuritas spississima et plusquam Egyptiaca!*

work it must be that is ushered in by such a prologue! Gounod, Adoniram, the author of the prospectus, the mystic founder of the "sea of brass," are they not one? We have masters here — some of whom have studied in the great school of the United States — the land of blatant charlatanism — masters of the art of puffing! Our papers contain daily models of such managerial manifestoes. But their authors must hide their diminished heads before the "supernatural genius" and the "sea of brass" of the Imperial Opera of Paris. That touch of Zadkiel, in his most mysterious predictions, is an entirely new ingredient, and constitutes a grand discovery. I recommend this "argument" to the attentive study of our managers, apologising for the inadequate English I have found for the original; but I confess, had I a forty Palgrave-Simpson-power of translation, I could not have made my English as obscure as the Frenchman's French.

The "getting up" of this great work will be something stupendous, it is said. The casting of the "sea of brass" is particularly mentioned. It is to take twenty minutes a-doing. Heaven grant us a safe passage over this mysterious sea!

From these mighty loomings in the distance turn we to accomplished facts. Donizetti's *Il Furioso*, or, as the title at length stands, *Il Furioso all'isola San Domingo*, has been produced at the Italian Opera. As this work is not very well known, a brief statement of the subject will not be out of place, although I detest plots (nobody reads them), and I have already given one which, however, as no one will be expected even to try to understand it, hardly counts.

Cardenio (so the madman of the opera is called) is robbed of his young wife by a seducer. He overtakes them in St. Domingo, and just as he is about to despatch them with his dagger, he is seized and bound, and becomes raving mad. Cardenio, however, breaks his chains and takes refuge in the mountains, where he leads a wandering life, alternating between lucid intervals and fits of insanity. In one of his attacks he seeks to drown himself, but is saved by a brother, a sailor, who, being on the spot at the very nick of time, rescues him, and that so deftly, that he does not even wet his pantaloons of immaculate white, or his kid gloves. Cardenio does not recover the permanent use of his faculties until his repentant wife has repeatedly proposed a joint suicide. This handsome offer to die with him quite reconciles him to live with her again — and the ex-lunatic plunges into the joy of a second honeymoon under the tropical climate of St. Domingo.

If a composer goes to Bedlam for his subject, we are not to expect a very cheerful result. There is, however, a comic negro, played by Signor Zucchini, who somewhat relieves the gloom which surrounds the principal personage assumed by Signor Delle Sedie, with remarkable dramatic power. Any one who desires to plead insanity to an inconvenient charge against him at the Central Criminal Court, would do well to take a trip to Paris, in order to study the part in the magnificent assumption of this artist. The public were agreeably surprised in hearing this opera by the recognition of not a few favourite airs which Donizetti had borrowed from himself to introduce into other works.

A new work, by M. Grisar (Albert), is shortly expected at the Opéra Comique. Its title is *Le Joaillier de Saint James*. But the frequenters of this establishment are less pre-occupied with the promise of this new piece than they are with the success or failure of the negotiations now on foot for the re-engagement of Mad. Carvalho, who is now in Belgium, where she is so prized that astounding terms are offered to her to induce her to remain. What the upshot will be is still a matter of doubt. It is well to be a *prima donna* smothered in golden showers by rival managers.

In the theatrical region, revivals have been chiefly the order of the day. The Odéon, however, has produced two new one-act pieces, both successful. One is called *La Jeunesse de Grammont*, a little comedy, à la *Pompadour*; the other is entitled, *La Dernière Idole*, and is a miniature domestic drama, most delicately handled, and instinct with true pathos, as indeed might be expected from the fact, that one of the authors, M. Ernest L'Epine, is the author of *La Joie fait Peur*, known on the English stage under the title of *Sunshine through the Clouds*.

M. Victor Séjour's drama, founded on modern historical events, and to be called *L'Invasion ou les Volontaires de 1814*, is definitely to be produced at La Porte St. Martin. Your readers will remem-

ber it was suspended. I think the subject, however patriotic, is an unwise one, as reviving old sores uselessly; and I said so at the time, and thought the Emperor had acted on my advice, in ordering its withdrawal. Perhaps the piece has been modified and rendered harmless. I trust so.

THE MENTAL HISTORY OF POETRY.*

By JOSEPH GODDARD.

"To search through all I felt or saw,
The springs of life, the depths of awe,
And reach the law within the law."

Tennyson.

In the early ages of Poetry it is represented as having been recited by bards in celebration of certain gallant deeds of war or chivalry; in honour of chieftains, victors and heroes, or in praise of virtue and beauty. In its latter exemplifications—as the general nature of man rises, as his observation becomes deeper, his intellect clearer, his imagination purer.—Poetry may be observed to be elicited through sensitiveness to less palpable and physically striking, but deeper and purer embodiments of beauty and worth, such as the varied aspects of Nature, illustrations of the personal virtues, the charm with which the mind enrobes youthful or other associations endowed with the deep interest attaching to the grand passes in life's path, the natural and mental halo of loveliness surrounding country and native locality.

Now emotions aroused with reference to objects of contemplation such as these will always, more or less, tend to partake, and in some phase or other, of a character of admiration. It may be admiration fraught with a joyful or sad complexion; it may be an ardent and impulsive issue of that feeling, or an emotional current, still and pensive, and calmed into reflection. Yet, whatever be the circumstances that sober or stimulate its course, that brighten it as with the noon-day sun, or that deepen it as with the pensive hue of eve, the emotion arising from the contemplation of the above order of influences will always, in a high degree, be charged with a character of admiration.

Although these observations are here made with particular reference to Poetry, still, so far as they have been carried, they apply equally and fairly to art-phenomena generally, for we have up to this point only considered a certain inward emotional state preceding all external art manifestation. The state of the breast thus described is only the latent preliminary condition for the exemplification of art generally. It is the internal preparation of Nature for the exhibition of art-creation. In the outward expression of this condition is it only where art becomes visible, and where it assumes form and distinctive character.

Doubtless, regarding it from a chronological point of view, Poetry would appear the *primeval art*, the first feature that the general art-effluence ejected into form, and without departing from the direct path of our inquiry, this truth will in due course be observable.

Reverting to that general principle governing the action of all human demonstrativeness, in circumstances where admiration is the emotion craving expression, which was laid down in our general definition of Art—that the first spontaneous tendency of this emotion will be to *conjure up*, to *reproduce*, the original influence, the natural incentive that aroused it, we have now to consider how far this process is visible in Poetry.

Even from a first and general glance it is clearly perceptible that all intelligible forms of moral or physical nature into which the whole field of Poetry resolves itself, are, more or less, æsthetically modified reproductions of objects and influences of general human admiration, be they the moral charms shining through the vista of humanity, or the beauties and splendours of the universe.

Even by this brief retrospect we are led to perceive that in Poetry there is a continual reproduction of some influence worthy of admiration; we see that it is, for the most part, in the warmth, vividness and enthusiasm of this feeling, in which it is written, and that its continual aim, tendency and main purpose is the repro-

duction, through description, and all the powers of suggestiveness furnished by language, both that suggestiveness which ensues directly and obviously, and that which works through a deeper and more circuitous labyrinth of the mind—of the original provocative of this emotion.

We may again remark that up to this point our observations, though applied prospectively to Poetry, refer just as directly to all other forms of art, for this reproduction of an original influence of admiration, though tending immediately to the assumption of palpable embodiment, is still the process which produces the form of *all art*. It is the *manner* of this reproduction which gives to art its special character and distinctive order. It is the manner of this reproduction in the circumstances of Poetry which immediately constitutes Poetry, and which we shall in the next place consider.

In the old historic warlike eras and ancient chivalric times, when actions, and those not of the most productive or discriminating character, were more in vogue than thoughts, and before music existed even as a moderately developed art, or the scientific knowledge necessary to painting had been gathered, there were still not wanting powerful appeals to the imagination and high incentives of admiration. Much of this mental order of influence might have been furnished in the brilliant vicissitudes of war and chivalry, and in the striking and restless circumstances attending religion. The circumstances of the crusade, for example, contained almost an unparalleled combination of elements which, in the phase of human intellect incident to the epoch in question, were even singly calculated, in the highest degree, to influence the above faculties. For here the stern animal-idea of war was chastened and sublimed by that of religion, and both were tinged with the vivid splendour and ideal spirit of chivalry. Neither in those days were there wanting other and softer influences than these, tending, in their very nature, to kindle highly the imagination and invoke to a far action the appreciative instincts of man.

Love is a passion which has left its traces, graven by the red finger of crime, or blooming and fraught with fragrance in the perennial flowers of virtue, in all regions and all times. Although it is a natural emotion, although it is *the* emotion, it is still an exceptional one; for it is the only single natural emotion that is composed of both *personal* and *abstract* feeling—that, whilst glowing in its instinctive warmth, fosters simultaneously almost to its brightest pitch the imaginative fire. Ambition, religion, love of nature or the ideal, are all emotions which are evolved through, and, in fact, which could not exist but for the developing light and warmth of imagination; these, however, are *abstract* emotions, not ordinary personal and natural feelings, like affection, pity, hope, or joy. But the passion of love unites all the individual earnestness and intense poignancy of the latter emotions with the grandeur, breadth, soaring tendency, expansiveness and nervous spirituality of the former.

At the epoch of which we are speaking also, although the intellect had scarcely penetrated to the perception of any of the philosophical beauties, natural, moral, or scientific, there were still minds not insensible to those displays of devotedness, disinterestedness, self-sacrifice, honour, virtue, affection, faith—those "deeds that shall not pass away"—those rare and mostly hidden, but still living and blooming, flowers of the human plain, which, happily, are never altogether undiscoverable on the fitful track of man.

Amidst all these general, and at the same time powerful, incentives of admiration, and in those natures so formed where it would converge into such a focus as to seek that expression which in the present day would distribute itself over the various demonstrative outlets of art—in these circumstances, and in these times, how was this internal rapture of the mind and heart to assume expressional form—for natures such as those above alluded to must have existed then as now. That inner fertility of nature in man,—that appreciative warmth, discriminative keenness, and the original and striking faculty of demonstrativeness incident to genius,—is undoubtedly fraught with the general constitution of man. The laws which produce it are part of the permanent laws of his being, and must have always prevailed. The efficiency, doubtless the very fact of their palpable manifestation, is a matter of circumstance, is materially affected by knowledge

and cultivation: in short, is sympathetically related with the general march of the mind. But the original conditions of such a manifestation which exist in the breast,—the natural fervour of fancy and imagination, the keen sense of beauty, the susceptibility to grand or delicate impressions, the strong and earnest flow of nervous energy, the broad consciousness of the varied emotional pulsations, all combined with a special endowment, a vigorous faculty of demonstration, may exist totally without reference to any particular mental stage, and must have frequently been developed in the times in question. But, to take up the thread of our inquiry,—in natures such as these, whereon beamed all those striking and varied influences of admiration we have enumerated, and in the times of which we speak, *how* was this high emotional afflatus to attain palpable expression?

The *inner principle* on which this expression would manifest itself would of course be that which is exemplified in the general tendency of the emotion of admiration to reproduce the influence that created it. But in what particular outward medium would this reproduction be couched; in what æsthetic material would its lineaments be wrought? In colour, sound, or symbolie?

We shall preface the reply to this proposition by entering for a brief space into that difficult question—as to the cause of the different species of genius which arises applicable to the different orders of art. What makes one mind a great and original painter, another a great creative musician, and another a great poet, since the main and general conditions underlying all these endowments are the same? All involve that imaginative scope, susceptibility of impression, fullness of emotional nature and vigorous power of demonstration, mentioned in the last paragraph but one, all are animated by the same strong determination to wreak the state these qualities involve upon expression, and all (with some reservation as regards Music)* consummate this expression in abeyance to the same principle—that of reproducing the immediate outward influence that invoked them to action.

Now all these varied conditions are common conditions of the general order of Art of which we speak—high creative art. The outward varieties of type which arise from these common conditions must, therefore, be caused more by external circumstances than through any inherent divergence in the inner stream of inspiration. The reason then of this variety in the outward forms, put forth from the common burthen of genius, lies in the different forms which the expressional instinct involved by Genius—assumes—through the difference and variety in man's demonstrative faculties. One may possess a faculty of wielding, with peculiar power and facility, all the suggestiveness and resources for effect dwelling in language. Another may be able to bear in his memory, with remarkable and minute distinctness, vivid images of all the forms and effects in Nature. Another may possess that fine aural perception, that retentive aural grasp, that deep gift of realising effects of sound in the mind—all its delicate shades, and all its impressional resources, and thus attain the faculty of conceiving original tonal designs. In each of these cases it will be observed that a chance perfection in some almost purely physical sense, a concurrent excellence in a few of the ordinary and general physical endowments of man, begets alone a distinct art-faculty. In the one case, the art-faculty and gift born purely of excellence in physical endowment, is that of Colour and objective form—the fine visual endowment of receiving and retaining faithful impressions of this order of natural effect *begetting the faculty of demonstrating these impressions*. In another case, the art-faculty born of material more than mental parentage is that of Language; and, in the remaining instance, it is that of Sound. Now these external circumstances alone are amply sufficient to produce, and without doubt do produce, in the cases of those whom they invest, respective exponents of the different branches of fine art in question. These circumstances alone suffice to make poets, painters, or musicians; but all the art which thus, and thus only, ensues, will be, in the case of Painting, merely imitative art, and with respect to all the orders of art involved generally, mostly but that whose figure is wrought through diversions on the surface of the art-material—as in Music, in simple melody and pleasing superficial effect. And here is the explanation of the remark made at the

* The deviation of Music, in its mental production from this principle, is explained in "The Philosophy of Music."

commencement of this paragraph, that it is *high creative art* which is in this inquiry generally treated of, for it is only when the possession of the *external art-faculties* of which we have just been speaking are allied to those deeper and wider moral conditions before specified, whence the exalted phenomenon of creative art ensues. It is only when these essential physical endowments are combined with that grand and rarer general moral susceptibility and intelligence, which we have previously dwelt upon, and described as the primary condition underlying all art, whence can ever issue the spectacle of high creative art—the art which embraces deep thought, which moulds forms out of the shadowy sphere of the abstract, and which grapples with the Infinite. In preparing an answer to the proposition now under consideration of the way in which the art-tendencies of ancient times would most consistently attain expression, it is desirable to consider somewhat further the subject of that external art-endowment which has been already to some extent investigated.

It was remarked of all the several outwardly demonstrative art-faculties, that they followed from purely physical antecedents, that they were the results of certain combinations of physical excellence. This being the case, it will now be perceived that they must consequently be amenable to that general influence of progress and development which almost wholly determines the condition of a physical faculty—*cultivation*. This is particularly the case with reference to those faculties which produce Music and Painting, involving the senses of the eye and the ear respectively. Both of these arts demand a special training and education of those faculties before even the language through which they speak is mastered, and not only a training with respect to the individual, but through long periods of time involving generations. Any comparatively forcible example of either of these arts, any moderately important specimen assuming to fairly represent them, will always be found to involve an education of the above faculties over a great space of time. Again, these two arts of Painting and Music demand also, in an important degree, that which can only be the result of protracted practice—manual skill. Beyond this there enters largely into a portion of the demonstrative process attending both, that marrow of all knowledge and progress—science; and this is a condition of the availability of these two arts which involves not a particular but a general and high stage of advancement in the human intellect.

But in the case of the art of Poetry, it is apparent that, in the process of this art's assuming expressional form, scarcely any of the many conditions just enumerated with respect to Painting and Music surrounds it. So far as its physical conditions are concerned, it involves and demands but the knowledge and power of language, the wielding of which requires no separate faculty, such as trained eye or ear or manual skill; neither does Poetry demand for any portion of its constitution the embodiment of scientific knowledge.

(To be continued.)

Letters to the Editor.

MISS THIRLWALL.

SIR,—Last week I went to hear the *Puritan's Daughter*, and having seen the name of Miss Pync in the advertisements and bills, was grieved to find that our brilliant songstress was suffering from indisposition. Still more grieved was I subsequently to learn that the talented lady had been ill, and not singing for nearly a fortnight. The "kind indulgence" of the audience was therefore claimed for Miss Thirlwall, who both sang and acted the part of Mary Wolf in a manner which showed that she had no need to ask any "indulgence" although her task would have been more grateful if one or two of the ballads had been retained. The management should be proud of a *remplaçante* capable of sustaining the post of *prima donna* with such genuine ability.

C. H. W.

TO ORGAN-BUILDERS.

SIR,—Can you, or any of your numerous readers, inform me whether any of the organ-builders are preparing large specimens of their skill for the forthcoming International Exhibition?

AN ORGANIST IN THE NORTH.

TWENTY-SIX LETTERS OF JOSEPH HAYDN.

THEODOR GEORGE VON KARAJAN, second in rank of the officials in the Imperial Library at Vienna, and one of the most distinguished of Austria's living scholars, has recently published a paper in the *Jahrbuch für vaterländische Geschichte*, entitled *Joseph Haydn in London*. It is made up mostly from the well-known authorities, Dies and Griesinger. But not entirely; for several letters, hitherto unknown, written by Haydn from London, have afforded some new materials, and give us new insight into their writer's personal characteristics. The correspondence begins, however, two years before Haydn's visit to London, and affords a valuable addition to our knowledge of his position and condition during those last of his thirty years of service as Prince Esterhazy's chapelmaster. As the prince advanced in years, his annual visit to Vienna appears to have become shorter and shorter, until at length a few weeks in winter was all the opportunity which Haydn had of moving in that musical circle to which Gluck, Mozart, Salieri, and so many other great men belonged, who had been or still were making Vienna the musical capital of Europe—a circle in which Haydn could move as loftily and worthily as the best.

It is true that for many years Haydn could have found in all Europe no position more to his taste or more to his advantage, in so far as his artistic development was concerned, than that which he held as Prince Esterhazy's chapelmaster in Eisenstadt and Esterhaz (or Estoras, as Haydn writes it). He said, many years after, to Griesinger: "My Prince was satisfied with all my compositions. I received applause as chief of the orchestra; I could try experiments; observe what increased and what weakened the effect; could therefore correct, add to, leave out, weigh. I was cut off from the world; nobody was at hand to lead me to doubt my own judgment and plague me with advice; so I had to become original." "On the other hand," says Karajan, "one can easily perceive that such a life, extending over a period of thirty years, in a small town, and part of the time in a solitary chateau, must at last become insupportable to a man of Haydn's talents." Yes, indeed, after a lapse of twenty-five years, during which the peasant waggonmaker's son had quietly but surely elevated himself to the foremost position in the world as composer of instrumental music;—when his "sound had gone out into all lands;" when the multifarious duties of his office, a pleasure to the young man, had become a burden to the man of nearly sixty years; when he had already begun to long for rest and leisure to work out still grander ideas than those on which his fame was formed; when the feeling of exile at Esterhaz was made doubly painful by the thought of Mozart and a new generation of musicians in Vienna, and by the sudden and glorious development of operatic, chamber, and orchestral music there, from all of which he was cut off; then, indeed, the spirit of Haydn began to pant for freedom from the thralldom of his official routine; and this finds expression (for the first time in any published documents) in these letters. It must not, however, be thought that Haydn's condition was in any, even the smallest, degree, that of a dependent upon a hard or tyrannical master. It was love for his old prince that enchained him—gratitude for long years of kindness—it was hard that he must so rarely and for such short periods be in Vienna; but to desert his old master, that was impossible! Death at length separated them, and gave Haydn his freedom—nought else could have done it.

Karajan's article, which has also been printed separately, begins with a short description of the large building, hard by the Schottenthor (Scotch gate) on the north side of the city proper, known as the "Schottinshof," as it appeared seventy years ago. In this building, in the second story, lived, at that time, a famous physician, a Dr. Geuzinger. "Here was a place," says Karajan, "where on Sundays men like Joseph and Michael Haydn, Mozart, Dittersdorf, Albrechtsberger, were always welcome to the hospitable table of the doctor—where they played their newest compositions upon the pianoforte to a company of friendly critics—now getting together a quartet, and now producing a symphony—in short, affording enjoyment to a cultivated circle of citizens, which, occasional public performances excepted, as a rule was only to be found in the palaces of the nobles."

Geuzinger had, earlier in life, been physician to Field-marshal the Prince Nicolaus Joseph von Esterhazy, had, in this capacity,

been much in Eisenstadt, and thus acquired an intimacy with Haydn, which ripened into strong and lively friendship. Hence, in later years, whenever Haydn was in Vienna—that is, so long as he continued in the active service of Esterhazy—he was expected to dine every Sunday at Geuzinger's. The Doctor's wife, a Von Kayser by birth, was, at the time this correspondence begins, near her fortieth year (born Nov. 6, 1750), and had been married about seventeen years. They had five children: Josepha (the Peppi of the correspondence), 16 years of age, and Salvina, 4, and three sons, Franz, Peter, and Joseph, of 15, 9 and 7 years. Mad. Geuzinger, a woman of fine culture, was eminently so in music. She read full scores with ease, and arranged them for the pianoforte. That these arrangements were of real value is proved by the request of Haydn, in one of the letters, that she should send him a complete symphony thus arranged for publication in Leipzig.

The letters of Haydn are printed by Karajan, from the originals; those of Mad. Geuzinger from the first drafts, presented by her, with Haydn's. To convey, in an English translation, the odd quaintness of the Austrian-German, which makes many passages in these letters very amusing, is not possible; but in other respects—save that the high-flying complimentary terms in the addresses and signatures are usually omitted, together with the compliments to the Doctor and others—our translation is as literal as may well be. The customary "*Euer Gnaden*"—still almost as common as in Haydn's day, especially among the lower classes to all of higher social position, is necessarily translated "Your Grace," although it has not the technical value of the English expression. What are we to do in English with such an address as this,—"*Hoch und wohlgeborne — hochschützbarste, allerbeste Frau v. Geuzinger!*" (Literally, "High and well-born Mad.—most-highly-treasured, all best Frau von Geuzinger!")

The reader will then be pleased to imagine each letter of Haydn beginning thus, or in similar terms, and usually closing with a postscript to this effect: "My most devoted respects to high your Herr Spouse and entire family and the Pater Professor." And now to the letters.

(No. 1.)—MAD. GUEZINGER TO HAYDN.

Vienna, June 10, 1789.

Most respected Herr von Haydn!—With your kind permission, I take the liberty of transmitting to you a pianoforte arrangement of the beautiful *andante* of your composition, which is such a favourite with me. I have made this arrangement entirely myself, without the least assistance of my master, and I beg you to do me the kindness to correct anything in it which may not meet your approbation. I hope that you find yourself in the best condition, and have no stronger desire than to see you soon in Vienna, that I may give you new proofs of the respect which I cherish for you.—I remain, with sincere friendship, your most obedient servant,

MARIA ANNA EDLE VON GEUZINGER,
BORN EDLE VON KAISER.

(No. 2.)—HAYDN TO MAD. GEUZINGER.

Estoras, June 14, 1789.

High and well-born—gracious Frau!—In all my correspondence up to this time the surprise of having such a beautiful letter and such kind expressions to read is the most delightful, and still more do I admire that which came with it—the capitally transcribed *adagio*, which is so correct that any publisher might put it to press. I should only like to know whether your Grace has arranged it from a score, or whether you have been at the astonishing pains of first scoring it yourself from the parts before making the pianoforte arrangement; for in the latter case the compliment is really too flattering, and one that verily I have not deserved. Most excellent and worthy Frau v. Geuzinger, I await but a hint as to how I can do your Grace some sort of service. Meantime I send the *adagio* back, and confidently hope from your Grace some commands to which my small talents may be adequate, and am, with extraordinary and most distinguished respect, &c.

(To be continued.)

MAYENCE.—According to general report, Herr Richard Wagner will ere long fix his permanent residence either here or in Wiesbaden. He wishes, it would appear, to be near the celebrated house of Schott and Sons, who publish his more recent works. The "Musician of the Future" is at present engaged on the composition of a comic opera, to be entitled *Hans Sachs*. (Query, are not all the operas of Herr Wagner more or less "comic?")

ST. JAMES'S HALL,

Regent Street and Piccadilly.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SEVENTY-FIFTH CONCERT, on MONDAY EVENING, February 17, 1862, the Programme selected from the Works of Various Composers.

First Appearance of

MR. SIMS REEVES.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.—Quartet in C No. 3, for two Violins, Viola and Violoncello (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts), MM. SAINTON, L. RIES, H. WEBB and PIATTI (Cherubini). Song, "Soft and bright the gems of night," Miss SUSANNA COLE (Henry Smart). Song, "Oh beauteous daughter of the starry race," Mr. SIMS REEVES (Beethoven). Sonata, in A flat, Op. 26 (with Funeral March), Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ (Beethoven).

PART II.—Fragments of Quartet (Posthumous), Andante, E major; Scherzo, A minor (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts), MM. SAINTON, L. RIES, H. WEBB and PIATTI (Mendelssohn). Lieder Kreis, Mr. SIMS REEVES (Beethoven). Lullaby, "Golden slumbers kiss your eyes," Miss SUSANNA COLE (Old English). Trio, in E major, for Pianoforte, Violin and Violoncello (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts), MM. CHARLES HALLÉ, SAINTON and PIATTI (Hummel).

Conductor, Mr. BENEDICT. To commence at eight o'clock precisely.

NOTICE.—It is respectfully suggested that such persons as are not desirous of remaining till the end of the performance can leave either before the commencement of the last instrumental piece, or between any two of the movements, so that those who wish to hear the whole may do so without interruption.

* Between the last vocal piece and the Trio, an interval of Five Minutes will be allowed. The Concert will finish before half-past ten o'clock.

Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.

Tickets to be had of Mr. AUSTIN, at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; CHAPPELL & Co. 50 New Bond Street, and of the principal Musiciansellers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FIGARO.—Does our correspondent mean the original or the translation of Schiedler? Chrysander's is the best life of Handel. It is published at Berlin.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of THE MUSICAL WORLD is established at the Magazine of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyl Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'clock P.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

TERMS { Two lines and under 2s. 6d.
Every additional 10 words 6d.

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—All Music for Review in THE MUSICAL WORLD must henceforward be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1862.

THE Sacred Harmonic Society will have work enough on hand this year. Besides attending to its own immediate affairs, administrative and executive, it will have to devote its best energies to the proceedings of the Great Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, and to the preparations for the musical inauguration of the forthcoming International Exhibition at Kensington. A wonderful Society, truly, the members of which, at least the majority thereof, being non-professional, can exercise so potent an influence and so large a sway! A very Cereberian Society at the present juncture, with three heads on one body! How the Sacred Harmonic Society reached such a height of power, overtopping in that

respect all other societies, it might perhaps not be difficult to indicate. Of course, its principal power is to be traced to the gratuitous support it receives from the choral members, a large body, numbering some hundreds; but this alone would never have placed it in its present lofty position. The appointment of Mr. Costa to the conductorship gave the Society a *prestige* it had never before enjoyed. Even more, however, is due to Mr. Robert Bowley, the most energetic and enterprising of "organisers," who, during the whole term of his office, has left nothing undone that could conduce to the advancement and prosperity of the Society.

It is gratifying to know that the Sacred Harmonic Society was never in so flourishing a condition as at this present moment. All true lovers of the grandest kind of music, the Sacred Oratorio, the true musical epic, will be delighted to learn this. The twenty-ninth annual meeting of the Society, held on Tuesday last, at Exeter Hall, John Newman Harrison, Esq., in the chair, informs us that the subscriptions for the current year are larger than for any previous year, excepting 1859. The printed statistics are somewhat confused—show a contradiction indeed. The Report affirms that the receipts for the past year amounted to £5576. 2s. 2d., and that the expenditure was £5501. 12s. 11d., "leaving a balance in hand of £495. 14s. 7d.," a result which by no mode of arithmetical calculation can we possibly arrive at. Perhaps there may be a mistake in the figures. That there is so much balance in hand, however, may be accepted as a fact. In addition to their overplus amount, the Society possesses funded and other property to the value of £7500. The liberality of the Society may be estimated from the fact, that two sums of one hundred guineas each have been subscribed, one to the Prince Consort Memorial, the other to the Hullah Testimonial Fund, as also a sum of ten guineas for the preservation and repair of an organ in St. Bonifacius's Church at Arnstadt, of which John Sebastian Bach was for some time organist.

These acts require no comment. The musical preparations for the opening of the International Exhibition, with which the Society is now busied, is alluded to at some length in the Report. The orchestra will consist of upwards of eighteen hundred performers, of which five hundred will be selected from provincial societies and choirs. The regular band and chorus of the Sacred Harmonic Society being deducted from the remaining thirteen hundred, will leave about four hundred more chorists (query, *Six?* the orchestral force of the Society numbering seven hundred) to be chosen from the regular attendants at the Handel Festival Choir meetings. It is not necessary to follow the Report in the sanguine anticipation it indulges in regarding the success of the approaching Handel Commemoration in June at the Crystal Palace; and we have already spoken of the contemplated arrangements and modifications of the Great Orchestra. Enough has been said to show that the Society not only prospers, but is determined to strive for still larger prosperity. The Report, we repeat, is in the highest degree satisfactory, and musicians of every grade, professional and amateur, must feel gratified at the brighter and brighter prospects which appear to open upon our loftiest and most disinterested musical institution.

HEINRICH MARSCHNER, whose recent demise has been announced, and whose name in this country is much better known than his works, wrote more successfully for the

stage in his own country than any one else, except the author of *Der Freischütz*, whom he sometimes imitated, though without ever equalling. He was born on the 16th August, 1795, at Zittau, in Upper Lusatia. As is the case with nearly all children destined to become celebrated musicians, his vocation soon manifested itself. When he was six years old, he was placed under the care of a master, to be taught the piano; but, at the end of six months, the master was surpassed by the pupil. Two other masters shared the same fate. The fact is, Marschner's father did not possess the means to pay the best that could be got, and which was, no doubt, the dearest. The boy's lessons were, consequently, discontinued for a year.

Young Marschner entered the boys' choir at the Gymnasium, to sing the solos, because he was a good reader, and possessed a pleasing soprano. The then director of the choir was Friedrich Schneider, who had obtained celebrity as a writer of oratorios. Actuated by a desire to learn harmony, Marschner left Zittau and went to Bautzen, the organist of which place had offered him a situation in the choir at the church, with the promise that he should study singing and composition simultaneously. Disappointed in his expectations, the poor boy returned to Zittau; but he had lost his voice, and did not know to whom he should apply to improve himself in that art which was the sole object of his ambition. Thrown upon his own resources, he composed incessantly, and tried his hand on every possible style. A troop of dancers having paid a visit to his native town, he undertook to write them the music for a ballet. The circumstances attending the first rehearsal of his work were something similar to those of the famous concert of J. J. Rousseau, in the house of M. de Treytorens, at Lausanne. Marschner had hidden himself in a corner, to judge of the effect produced by the instrumentation; but he had no idea of the compass of the various instruments. Suddenly the horns were stopped by notes which it was impossible for them to play. It was, at first, supposed that the copyist had made the faults; but, on examination, it was found that they emanated from the author, whose emotion was so great, that he fell ill, and never heard his score performed.

Instructed by his very faults, Marschner subsequently received some good advice from competent persons. At Prague, he met Weber, who then directed the Opera, but was completely absorbed in his duties. His relations with Tomascheck proved more useful to him. As his father wished him to study law, he proceeded to Leipsic, and it was there that Schicht's advice proved of great service in forwarding his education as an artist. Yielding to the vocation which attracted him towards the theatre, he began by setting to music a translation of Metastasio's *Titus*. In 1816, he composed a short opera, *Der Kiffhauser Berg*, which was played successfully at several theatres in Austria. The following year, he produced at Dresden *Henri IV. und D'Aubigny*, an opera in three acts, quickly followed by *Saidar*, which, also, was in three acts, and played at Presburg. In 1821, he returned to Dresden, where he took up his permanent abode. He wrote the introduction and interludes of *The Prince of Homburg*, a drama by Tieck, as well as *The beautiful Ella* and *Ali Baba*. The last two works were not well received; far from being cast down, however, Marschner felt only more resolved and energetic. He wrote *The Wood-Stealer*, which he intended for amateurs, but which, thanks to several excellent pieces, made its way from theatre to theatre, and from town to town.

Since 1825, Marschner had been musical-director of the German and Italian Opera, conjointly with Weber and Mor-

lacchi. In 1826, he married Mlle. Marianne Wohlbruck, a celebrated singer, whose brother was afterwards his collaborateur, and wrote for him the libretto of *The Vampire*, one of his three best works. Weber died in June 1826, and, not being able to get appointed his successor, as first musical director at the Dresden Opera-house, Marschner threw up his post, and set out, with his wife, on a lengthened tour. From Berlin, where an attempt was made to keep him, the two proceeded to visit Breslau, Posen, Königsberg, Dantzig, Magdeburg and Brunswick. Madame Marschner having accepted an engagement at the Leipsic Theatre, *The Vampire* was played there on the 28th March, 1828. "This work," says M. Fétis*, "was crowned with gratifying success. Called on, at the conclusion of the performance, the composer and singers were enthusiastically received. The fame of the opera spread rapidly; such, we are informed, was the eagerness exhibited by the managers of the German theatres to produce it, that the copyists were unable to supply the demands for copies for the score. Many pieces from *The Vampire* became popular." Last season, M. Pasdeloup had the overture played at one of the concerts of the Société des Jeunes Artistes du Conservatoire, in Paris, when the audience were struck by the analogy it presented in its structure to Weber's *chefs-d'œuvre* in the same style. *The Templar* and *the Jewess* continued what *The Vampire* had begun so well. Another work, *The Falconer's Bride*, was performed at Leipsic in 1832.

Marschner was summoned to Hanover as Kapellmeister to the King, and it was there he was destined to terminate his career. Having received in that city the libretto of *Hans Heiling*, sent him by Ed. Devrient, he wrote as follows:—"Were it possible to compose an opera right off, I should have done so—so much was I surprised by this work, which I conceived instantaneously." *Hans Heiling* was represented on the 24th of May, 1833, under the direction of the composer. Two other operas, written subsequently, of which one was entitled *The Château at the Foot of Mount Etna*, were less successful.

When Marschner was forty-four years old, to quote M. Fétis once more, the progress of his talent appears to have stopped. "We cannot," says the learned biographer, "deny him the merit of being one of those successors of Weber who have displayed the greatest amount of dramatic feeling in their works. It is not in serious drama alone that he is successful; we may even assert that he is one among the small number of German composers who do not fall into triviality, when engaged on a comic subject. His melodies are expressive, but his manner is slovenly, and he frequently employs transitions to excess. Despite this criticism, the author of *The Vampire*, *The Templar*, and *Hans Heiling*, will leave no common name in the history of art." Marschner was also known in Germany as a composer of instrumental music by a considerable number of works for the piano. He died at Hanover, on the night of the 14th-15th December, 1861, a year more than usually fatal to public men.

BEETHOVEN'S BATTLE SYMPHONY.

MÄLZEL, the inventor of the metronometer, had promised, in the year 1812, to make Beethoven an acoustic machine. To show his gratitude *beforehand*, Beethoven composed for the Panharmonica, which was also invented by Mälzel, a "Battle Symphony," as he called it. Mälzel asked him to score it,

* *Biographie Universelle des Musiciens.*

and thus arose the second part of the instrumental work known under the name of "Wellington's Victory in the Battle of Vittoria," to which Beethoven subsequently added the second part, the "*Battle of Vittoria*" (see Op. 91). On his side, Mälzel constructed four acoustic machines. Beethoven found that only *one* of them was of any use, and employed it for some time in his conversations with the Archduke Rudolph, as the stream of conversation would have been too greatly impeded by writing everything down. In December 1813, the "*Battle of Vittoria*" was repeatedly performed (see, for the details of the important political circumstances of that time, Op. 91). Beethoven had unsuspectingly left the arrangement of the concerts to his so-called friend—a *Viennese* friend (Beethoven's own expression), Mälzel. In the concert bills Mälzel entitled the composition his *property*, and in reply to Beethoven's protestations against this pretension, declared that he *attached* the work for the acoustic machines and for fifty ducats he had lent Beethoven. The latter, who *never* allowed his scores to go out of his possession, and was even accustomed to keep an anxious watch over the parts when copied out, would have had no occasion to fear any loss, had not Mälzel found means to procure copies of the orchestral parts, with which he made off, by way of Munich, to England. When intelligence was brought to Vienna that Mälzel had already had the "*Vittoria Music*," although in a mutilated state, performed as his own property, in Munich, the comb of the excitable Beethoven swelled up, and he took the first legal steps in the matter. It appears from Beethoven's deposition, which unfortunately has only been preserved in a fragmentary form, that it was true he had borrowed fifty ducats of Mälzel, but with the proviso that he should return them in Vienna, or give an order on a publisher of the "*Vittoria Music*." In a *public* letter, addressed, through the medium of the papers, to all the musicians in London, Beethoven warned them against the mutilated work—to which Mälzel, not having been able to procure the whole of the parts, had caused a great deal to be added by some profane hand—and declared the performance in Munich to be an act of deception towards the public as well as towards the composer. This occurrence increased Beethoven's distrust, originally arising from his defective hearing, of those around him, and of mankind in general. The most disastrous effects upon both soul and mind, as upon his artistic activity, were the immediate results. Instead of living for art, and realising the ideas existing in his elevated mind, Beethoven now anxiously, and often pettily, controlled his copyists, whom he would not allow to work anywhere but in his own house. Henceforward the artist's clouded soul—a picture of deeply-moved disquiet, which was with difficulty combated—beat about upon the black waves of unthankfulness and hate, without any guiding star whatever. It is to this period, also, that we must refer the occasional cantata—a most insignificant work for the composer of *Fidelio*—written at the order of the municipal authorities of Vienna, for the Congress in the autumn of 1814, "*The Glorious Moment*,"* (Letter e, 3rd section of the Catalogue). For this weak production, written on the shortest notice, Beethoven received what he had so long deserved, an honorary diploma as a citizen of Vienna. Yet he had already presented the city of Vienna with an "inhabitant without an equal," when he gave them the *Sinfonia Eroica*!

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.—The Second Subscription-Concert was particularly interesting, as it included two works, either

* *Der glorreiche Augenblick.*

of which well executed would be attractive to connoisseurs of part-singing. Mendelssohn's Psalm for an eight-part choir, "Why rage fiercely the heathen?" given for the first time, is a composition worthy of the author of *St. Paul* and *Elijah*, and, although presenting many points of no ordinary difficulty, even for practised singers, was, on the whole, executed in a manner which will decidedly increase the fame of Mr. Leslie's Choir. Equal in importance was the motett for double choir, by John Sebastian Bach, of which we had occasion to speak in our notice of the first concert. It is sufficient now to say that it was sung with unswerving steadiness and precision. The first movement, "I wrestle and pray," with its constant reiteration and masterly treatment, the chorale for soprano alone, and final chorale for all the voices, "O Jesu, Son of God," were all unexceptionable; and the applause which followed manifested the thorough appreciation of the audience. Mr. Leslie contributed three of his own part-songs, "The troubadour," with its sparkling melody and capital harmonisation; "The flax spinners"—animated and tuneful—enthusiastically encored; and the taking "We greet thee, merry spring-time," which terminated the concert. Amongst other noticeable features, we must particularise the part-song from *Robin Hood*, "Now the sun has mounted high," which has never before been so well sung in public, Mendelssohn's "The deep repose of night," and Mr. Henry Smart's charming "Cradle song." The choir seems to be in a higher state of efficiency than ever, thanks to Mr. Leslie's unsleeping energy. The pianists, as upon the previous occasion, were Miss Catherine Thomson, and Miss M. A. Walsh, the first of whom gave a barcarolle of Stephen Heller's, and a valse of Chopin; the latter, Nos. 1 and 3 of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, both performances being well received.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—*Le Gamin de Paris*, one of the best-known pieces on the French stage, when it was associated with the inimitable Bouffé, has been newly rendered into English by Mr. Boucicault, with the title of the *Dublin Boy*. Several years since, while the original piece was still fresh in the public mind, an earlier version was produced, in which Mrs. Keeley sustained the part assigned to Bouffé, but Mr. Boucicault has given an entirely new tone to his adaptation of an old story, by a transfer of the scene to the capital of Ireland, and the endowment of the principal character with Irish peculiarities. It may be as well to remind our readers that the boy who is the hero of the tale is the orphan son of a soldier who was killed in battle while saving the life of his general. He lives with his grandmother and sister, and is so hopelessly idle and mischievous that it is predicted by every one, save his fond grandmother, that he will come to some disgraceful end. His better qualities are, however, called forth by the discovery that his sister has lent too ready an ear to the flatteries of a young gentleman, who visits the house, disguised as a humble artist. Without a moment's hesitation he proceeds to the house of the seducer's father, an old military officer tormented by the gout, and obtains matrimonial reparation of his sister's honour, partly by the force of that plebeian eloquence which has long been popular on the stage, partly through the circumstance that the gouty old man is the very general whose life his father preserved. The story is very pleasant in its Irish dress, the dialogue having been well seasoned with characteristic pleasantries by Mr. Boucicault, and Andy, as the "gamin" is now called, is played by Mrs. Boucicault with a great deal of spirit. She does not, indeed, completely convert herself into a "lubberly boy," but she depicts the hearty love of fun, the sensitiveness to dishonour, and the strong affection which are the attributes of Andy's nature, with a force that does not lose its efficiency through the gracefulness by which the part is somewhat idealised. The old general, now called Daily, with his benevolence, his irascibility, and his gout, is played by Mr. Emery in his best style, and stands out highly coloured without caricature. Mr. Stephenson, celebrated as Father Tom in the *Colleen Bawn*, displays to advantage his Milesian peculiarities as the butt of Andy, and Mrs. Lewis looks the complete picture of a doating old grandmother. The piece is thoroughly successful.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The favourable impression created by Mr. Howard Glover's operetta *Once too often*, during its performance at Drury Lane, was fully confirmed on Saturday last, when some 4000 persons were attracted to Sydenham and highly gratified, despite the inevitable drawback which a work of this character had to contend with in being given in the great transept, where even monster orchestras and gigantic choruses fail to make themselves distinctly heard for any distance in the vast building. Add to this the disadvantage which must always attend theatrical representations in broad daylight, when the

bright rays of the sun so pitilessly expose the stage effects and render the actor's make-up no longer a matter of mystery, and it must be owned that a production must have no small share of intrinsic merit to pass muster with credit under such circumstances. That the efforts of Mlle. Jenny Baur, Miss Heywood, Herren Reichardt and Formes were thoroughly appreciated, no less than the merits of Mr. Howard Glover's score, however, was amply testified by the frequent applause of those who were sufficiently near to understand what was going on; but to those less fortunate the operetta might almost as well have been performed in dumb-show. Marsillac's charming romance, "A young and artless maiden;" Pompernik's essentially "jolly" song, when disguised as the monk; the tender and delicate air of Hortense, "Love is a gentle thing;" and Blanche's no less elegant ballad, "The love you've slighted," were one and all received with favour.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The programme of last Monday (tenth concert) was selected from various masters, the instrumental portion including Mozart's string Quintet (No. 4) in D major, Beethoven's *Sonata Pastorale*, Boccherini's Sonata in A, for violoncello and pianoforte, (first time), and the never-tiring "Kreutzer"—the last "by unanimous desire;" there was consequently no "quartet." Messrs. Sainton, Ries, Webb, Hann and Signor Piatti being executors, the quintet "went" to perfection, the *adagio* coming in for the warmest approbation. Nor was Mr. Charles Hallé's rendering of the "Pastoral Sonata" less cordially admired, the *rondo* especially commanding the admiration of his hearers. Signor Piatti's marvellous playing in the sonata of Boccherini raised an enthusiasm which would hardly be satisfied by his returning to the orchestra to acknowledge the compliment. Mr. Lindsay Sloper's rendering of the pianoforte part was no less admirable. The accompaniments and the songs were also given by this gentleman in his best manner, which is equivalent to saying "on ne peut mieux." Miss Palmer and Mr. Weiss shared the vocal music, the lady being heard to the best advantage, both in Mozart's "Addio" and Mr. Henry Smart's plaintive song, "Sleep heart of mine;" while Mr. Weiss's noble voice and thoroughly artistic delivery produced a marked effect in a manuscript song also by Henry Smart—"Star of the Valley" (another genuine inspiration) and "Per la gloria" of Buononcini. The very few who did not remain until the end missed a rich treat in the "Kreutzer" Sonata, the performance of which by MM. Hallé and Sainton was such as to delight all present. At the next concert Cherubini's third quartet (in C) will be given for the first time, and Mr. Sims Reeves make his first appearance this season.

THE SEVENTH-FOURTH MONDAY POPULAR CONCERT.—"The concert of last night in so far as the instrumental portion was concerned, was selected from the works of Beethoven. There were two of his quartets—that in the key of C, No. 9, one of the 'Rasoumoffsky' set, and that in D, Op. 18—both played by Messrs. Sainton, Ries, Webb, and Paque; and there were two of his pianoforte sonatas—the 'Sonata Appassionata' in F minor, played by Miss Arabella Goddard, and the Sonata in E flat (one of the set dedicated to Salieri), for the piano and violin, played by Miss Goddard and M. Sainton. The quartets, both of them well known to amateurs, are two of the finest specimens of Beethoven's style at different periods. The Rasoumoffsky Quartet, written when his powers were in their zenith, is full of beauties from beginning to end. The romantic and melancholy *andante* in A minor, the minuet, so flowing and melodious, and the final *fugato*, so fiery and impetuous, keep the listener's mind in a constant state of excitement. The other quartet is an equally fine specimen of his early manner, when he copied Mozart in form and construction, preserving the simplicity and symmetry of his model, in conjunction with his own original inspiration. The execution of these great works was most excellent. We have no finer quartet-player than Sainton: were he coming among us as a wandering star, only now and then, he would be regarded as a star of the first magnitude. His three coadjutors, M. Louis Ries, Mr. Webb, and M. Paque, are masterly performers; and their clearness, spirit, precision, and perfect unity, had an effect, not only satisfactory, but delightful. But the great features of the concert were the piano performances of Miss Arabella Goddard. Whenever this lady appears, such is always the case. Of all our renowned instrumental performers she is certainly the especial favorite of the public. Her mere name, whenever it is announced, draws a crowd, and her appearance in the orchestra at once inspires the audience with enthusiasm. They listen with breathless expectation, for they are sure that they will not be disappointed. Miss Goddard, to use a phrase of the day, may be said to have her own peculiar 'mission.' She is the interpreter of Beethoven. She conquers the great master's greatest difficulties, dispels the clouds which hang over his wonderful conceptions, clears up his intricacies, teaches the general public to understand what even the educated amateur has hitherto deemed unintel-

ligible, and evolves power and beauty out of seeming confusion. The 'Sonata Appassionata,' which she performed last night, is not one of the last and most obscure of the master's works. Nevertheless it is full of profound thoughts, which are lost unless the fullest expression is given to them; and we felt, as we listened, that we were receiving new lights, and enjoying beauties which we had never clearly felt before. The pleasure derived from her second performance—the sonata for the piano and violin—was of another kind. Here all was simplicity and clearness; and the enjoyment lay in the exquisite grace and delicacy which the two performers threw into every passage, every phrase of the music. The singers were Miss Banks and Mr. Weiss. The former gave a canzonet of Dussek's—one of those pretty things which have been revived at the Monday Popular Concerts—and Henry Smart's new and beautiful song, 'Dawn, gentle flower.' The latter sang Macfarren's air from *Don Quixote*, 'When Bacchus invented the bowl,' and 'The Wanderer' of Schubert, the last of which was encored."—*Daily News*, Feb. 4th.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

MR. BENEDICT'S new opera, *The Lily of Killarney*, has now been given six times, and abundant opportunity has been afforded of testing it upon its merits. The reception of a new opera on the first night of performance constitutes no basis on which to form a correct judgment. Friends muster in crowds anxious to applaud; good nature is rampant for the occasion; and at no other time is forbearance so strongly manifested. A week makes all the difference. Six consecutive nights bring the audience to their senses, and criticism takes the place of eulogy. We cannot say we have heard the *Lily of Killarney* six times, but we have heard it three, and were more pleased with it the second night than the first, and more the third night than the second. From these three impressions, and, moreover, a careful perusal of the score, we have no hesitation in pronouncing Mr. Benedict's new opera a veritable masterpiece, and the work alike of a profound artist and an original thinker. If the composer has been occasionally restricted in his aspirations by the somewhat conflicting elements of the story, and the special character and *colour locale* of lowly Irish life, he has in many instances triumphed over all obstacles, and literally competed with the old Irish composers themselves in the sweetness, wildness, and plaintiveness of their melodies. In the two ballads of Eily, "In my own mountain valley," and "I'm alone," Hardress Cregan's ballet "Eily Mavourneen," and Myles's "Lament," in the first act, Mr. Benedict has caught the very spirit of Irish melody. But the music is all beautiful. Our columns, this week, are so full, that we have only space to record the increasing success of the opera, and the deep impression it has made on musical London. Next week we shall give a lengthened review of the music.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

At present we can do little more than chronicle the brilliant reception accorded on Monday night to Mr. Benedict's long-expected opera, *The Lily of Killarney*, and append a brief sketch of the manner in which Mr. Boucicault's unprecedentedly popular drama has been recast in the shape of a musical "libretto." It would seem that we are never to hear the last of the *Colleen Bawn*; and certainly the music with which its vividly drawn characters and romantic incidents have inspired Mr. Benedict is a new and legitimate element of attraction, much more likely to endow it with fresh vitality than to hasten its demise, even supposing such a catastrophe impending, which few playgoers will assert to be the case.

The first act of the opera begins with a scene not found in the original drama. A large party is assembled in the hall of Tora Cregan, to celebrate the approaching marriage of Hardress Cregan with Anne Chute, the introduction mainly consisting of a jovial chorus (interspersed with recitatives and solos), in which the health of the bridegroom is proposed, and the latter responds with a song. The guests shortly disperse to witness a steeple-chase by moonlight between two of their number, who, in the course of the introduction, have nearly quarrelled about the respective merits of their horses. Mrs. Cregan, now left alone, is visited by Corrigan, who informs her (in dialogue) of the attachment of her son, Hardress, to an unknown beauty residing on the opposite side of the lake. During their conversation Danny Mann is heard, behind the scenes, singing a song—"The moon has raised her lamp;" upon which

they conceal themselves, in order to watch proceedings. The song being intended as a signal by Danny, the second verse is taken up by Hardress, who enters the room, and, by means of a lighted candle, makes signals to Eily across the lake. The situation gives rise to a concerted piece—sung, on the one hand, by Hardress and Danny, prior to their departure in the boat,—and on the other by Mrs. Cregan and Corrigan, who have observed all that has taken place. In the next scene the original drama is closely followed. Corrigan, meeting with Myles-na-Coppoleen, extracts from him (in a short dialogue) the secret respecting Eily O'Connor; and Myles, when left to himself, indulges in a characteristically quaint and half-comic ditty ("It's a charming girl I love"), a revelation of his hopeless passion for the Colleen Bawn. Next follows the well-known scene of the "Cottage-interior." Here Eily expresses her love for Hardress, through a plaintive romance ("In my wild mountain valley"), and takes part in the "Cruiskeen Lawn," which is given in orthodox fashion by Myles, Father Tom, Sheelah, and herself—the original words, as well as the original melody, being retained. A brief concerted piece takes the revellers off the stage just as a snatch from Hardress's song, already mentioned, announces his approach. The no longer ardent lover has come to demand Eily's marriage certificate, and this prepares the finale, in which Hardress, Eily, Myles, and Father Tom are engaged, and which terminates with a concerted piece for the four characters, where the priest compels the kneeling girl to swear that she will never part with the certificate but with life. The first scene of the second act takes place in the hunting grounds of Tora Cregan. A chorus is vociferated by a party of huntsmen, who are presently joined by Anne Chute—now seen for the first time. When alone with Hardress, Anna reproaches him for his coldness in an air, ultimately resolving itself into a duet, in which Hardress earnestly vindicates his constancy. The next piece is a trio for Mrs. Cregan, Hardress, and Corrigan, the son, indignantly opposing the upstart lawyer's addresses to his mother while the lawyer exults in the equivocal position of his adversary, of the secret of which he is possessed. The situation in which Danny Mann obtains the glove from Mrs. Cregan is elaborately worked out—first in a duet, and afterwards in a grand "scena" for Danny, who gives alternate expression to his determination and his remorse, to compassion for his intended victim and unscrupulous devotion to his master. A new scene is here introduced, in which Eily sings a song, "I'm alone, I'm alone," indicative of her forlorn condition, and receives a visit from Myles, who, in the course of a duet, warns her against Danny Mann. The finale of the second act is devoted to the business of the water-cave, in which the Adelphi precedent is exactly followed, while a chorus is supplied by a party of Killarney boatmen, who, in the far distance, chant unseen the praises of the mythic King O'Donohue. The third act, which is much shorter than either of the preceding, opens in front of Myles's cottage. Myles sings a serenade to the concealed Eily, and the consignment of the Colleen Bawn to the care of Father Tom forms the subject of a trio. The scene changing to the interior of Castle Chute, where the guests are assembled to witness the union of Anna and Hardress, a bridal chorus is introduced; but the bridegroom soon enters alone, in melancholy mood, and in a song ("Eily Mavourneen") gives utterance to his grief and unabated love for the lost "Colleen." The entrance of Corrigan with the soldiers, followed by the arrest of Hardress for murder, is the subject of a somewhat complicated concerted piece; after which the appearance of Myles, accompanied by Eily herself, restoring the general happiness, is expressed in a short finale, including (as a matter of course) a brilliant vocal display for the heroine.

From the foregoing it will be seen that the "scenario" has been effectively laid out for the composer, and with as few important deviations as possible from the original, inasmuch as, though the words of the songs, duets, and concerted pieces are from another hand, the construction of the drama and the whole of the dialogue are Mr. Boucicault's own. Of Mr. Benedict's music we must be content to say that it is not only dramatic and beautiful throughout, but invariably and in an eminent degree the work of a master—worthy, indeed, of a pupil who when under the guidance of Weber was, although so young, regarded by the author of *Der Freischütz* (as his published correspondence has shown) as much in the light of a friend as of a disciple. That it is also instinct with the more popular elements of attraction was plainly demonstrated on Monday night by the enthusiasm of the audience, which was carried to such a height that no fewer than eight pieces were encored, six of which were repeated, to the satisfaction of all present. These last were the overture; the serenade and duet for Danny Mann and Hardress ("The moon has raised her lamp above"); Myles-na-Coppoleen's ballad, "It's a charming girl I love"; the "Cruiskeen Lawn" (quartet for Eily, Myles, Sheelah, and Father Tom); Eily's song, "I'm alone, I'm alone"; and Hardress's ballad, "Eily Mavourneen." The two pieces encored, but not repeated (thanks

to the well-timed discretion of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Santley), were Eily's romance, "In my wild mountain valley," and the slow movement of Danny Mann's scena ("The Colleen Bawn, the Colleen Bawn"), which, nevertheless, would have been heard again with at least as much pleasure as any of those that were actually given twice. The performance was generally too excellent to be dismissed in a sentence. The principal singers—Miss Louisa Pyne (Eily), Miss Susan Pyne (Mrs. Cregan), Miss M'Lean (Anne Chute), Mr. Harrison (Myles), Mr. Haigh (Hardress), and Mr. Santley (Danny Mann), all did their very best. They were supported with commendable zeal by Messrs. Dussek (Corrigan), Patey (Father Tom), and Lyall (O'Moore), every one, even to the representatives of comparatively insignificant characters like Hyland and Sheelah (Mr. Wallworth and Miss Topham), being "word and note" perfect. The chorus was all that could be wished, the band irreproachable, and Mr. Alfred Mellon, the conductor—as usual on these important occasions—vigilant, active, and intelligent. No pains have been spared on the *mise en scène*, which, both as regards scenery and costumes, is appropriate and beautiful. In short, *The Lily of Killarney* fairly earned the unequivocal success it obtained. That the principal singers should be repeatedly summoned forward was a matter of course; and that the same compliment should be paid to Mr. Benedict at the end of the first and last acts, and to Mr. Alfred Mellon at the conclusion, was no more than just. Seldom, however, has a well-merited tribute been rendered with more genuine heartiness by a theatrical audience. The house was crowded to the ceiling.—*Times*.

Provincial.

THE Liverpool Philharmonic Concert of Tuesday (the 11th inst.) seems to have been a brilliant affair. We extract the following from a very long report which appeared in the *Liverpool Daily Post* of Wednesday morning:—

"The only vocalist was Mlle. Titiens, always a favourite from the fine quality of her voice and her spirited style. She sang most charmingly an air from *Le Nozze di Figaro*, Ardit's waltz, 'La Stella' (encored), amid enthusiastic applause, 'Volta la terra' from *Un Ballo in Maschera* (in which, once or twice, we thought her hardly well in tune with the orchestra), and Beethoven's charmingly fresh and beautiful song 'Gesang aus der Ferne,' which she gave with exquisite taste and a thorough appreciation of the author.

"The instrumentalist of the evening was Arabella Goddard, indisputably our queen of pianists. Whether we look to the varied character of the music performed, the equality of excellence shown in interpreting each style, or the executive dexterity and thorough command over her instrument which she displayed, we must admit her performance to have been of the very highest order. Her rendering of Mozart's glorious Concerto in C major was a perfect treat, and proved her to be every way an artist of the most refined taste. Her sympathetic touch in *cantabile* passages, her facility of execution in the difficulties which met her in every page, were alike entitled to the highest praise. Liszt's elegant fantasia on the grand quartet from *Rigoletto* was most admirable in her hands, and the way she sustained the melody was in every way artistic. In the second part she played Benedict's fantasia on Irish airs, entitled 'Erin,' which being encored, she introduced 'The last rose of summer,' creating quite a furor.

"The chorus gave several madrigals with their wonted ability, and a chorus by Bishop 'Loud let the Moorish tambour sound.' This was redemanded, and repeated.

"The overtures, included Weber's *Ruler of the spirits* and Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas*—both well played. The accompaniments to Mozart's concerto and the march from *Athalie* were capitally given, and the fragment from Beethoven's symphony in A was equally well played, the audience, to their credit be it said, not availing themselves of the obliging arrangement of the committee, which gave them the opportunity of being 'played out' by such a masterpiece. The hall was well filled, and the applause testified to the truth of our remarks, that two really good performers are worth any amount of 'padding.' Had the symphony in A been given in its entirety the whole concert would have been richly entitled to the best praise we could bestow." J. B. C.

The remainder of the article is taken up by a severe rebuke administered to the committee of the Philharmonic Society, for giving a fragment instead of the whole of a symphony. We may possibly find room for this in our next.

At the 17th (last but three) of Mr. Charles Hallé's Concerts in Free Trade Hall, Manchester, Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony

was performed for the second time "by desire." Add to this the *andante* with variations from Haydn's Symphony in E flat (Letter T), with the overtures to *La Chasse du jeune Henri* (Méhul—first time); *Tannhäuser* and *La Gazza Ladra*, and the rich orchestral treat may be well imagined. Then Mr. Hallé played once more (as might have been expected) the delicious *Serenade* and *Allegro Gioioso* of Mendelssohn for piano and orchestra, besides giving solos of Stephen Heller (who, by the way, is in Manchester, on a visit to Mr. Hallé), and was present at this concert, and Chopin. There was also a solo for the oboe, composed and performed by M. Lavigne. The singer was Mad. Guerrabella, who sang the *Cavatina* from *Ernani*, the *Polacca* from *I Puritani*, the *Cavatina* from *Beatrice di Tenda*, and "Kathleen Mavourneen." The *Guardian* says of this lady:—

"Mad. Guerrabella more than confirmed the favourable impression she made on her first appearance. Both the *cavatins*, but especially that of Bellini, displayed artistic qualities of the first order. The *Polacca* was brilliantly hit off; and the ballad was sung with so much refined pathos that the audience would gladly have had it repeated."

A LETTER FROM MUNSTER (Jan. 21, 1862).—"All last week the musical circles of this city were in a state of joyful excitement. Whenever the lovers of music met, they greeted each other with the exclamation: 'He has consented; he will come!' Their whole conversation turned upon this simple and yet so significant theme. Who then was the person expected with such great satisfaction? Who could it be but Joachim, who, at the request of Herr J. O. Grimm, our musical-director, a friend of his, consented, in the most kindly manner, to conjure up for us, in the midst of cold winter, a real spring evening, graced by the song of the lark and the plaintive note of the nightingale? He arrived yesterday, but not alone. He brought with him for his work of enchantment, Herr Johannes Brahms, the pianist, from Hamburg, who happened to be staying in Hanover. The concert, or rather, the festival, took place in Gerbault's Rooms, which were crowded by inhabitants of the town, as well as by visitors, who had come from Hamm, Soest and Dortmund, for the purpose of hearing the celebrated artists. Never before, perhaps, had such a numerous and brilliant company been assembled in the same rooms. After Cherubini's overture to *Anacreon*, performed, by way of introduction, under the direction of Herr Grimm, and well received, Herren Joachim and Brahms played Beethoven's Sonata for violin and pianoforte, Op. 47. Herr Brahms then gave Schumann's Pianoforte-Concerto in A minor, and Herr Joachim, Beethoven's Concerto for the Violin. In breathless silence did every one present listen to the wonderful and magnificent play, in which German art celebrated one of its greatest triumphs. Tumultuous applause after every movement announced the overpowering impression produced upon the audience, until, at the conclusion of Beethoven's Violin-Concerto, an enthusiastic call burst forth, amidst the braying of trumpets and the rolling of kettle-drums, and appeared as though it would never end.

"When Joachim plays, we forget composition, artist and instrument, to enjoy pure music, with a total unconsciousness of the material means by which it is produced. Just as the fountain bubbles up, from springs which are out of sight, Joachim's strains proceed from his inward soul, and awaken 'the power of those dark feelings, which sleep so wonderfully in the heart.' His manual dexterity is so great that we forget, while listening to him, that what he plays is difficult. In the Concerto, he introduced a cadence, which, with its double thirds in the counter-movement, made us think the performer must possess a pair of hands more than ordinary mortals. Yet his playing did not, in the slightest degree, produce the impression that he wished to show off his own skill; far from it; the cadence is conceived in the most noble style, and blends with Beethoven's work into one whole, as though it had been written by the master himself.

"In the person of Herr Johannes Brahms, we made the acquaintance of an admirable pianist, who displayed great mastery both in his playing together with Herr Joachim, and in his execution of Schumann's Concerto by himself. There is one thing in which he particularly excels, and that is in imparting to his tone great and wonderfully beautiful variety of character, just as though he were playing upon different manuals. His execution reminded us vividly of that of Herr Franck, Musical-Director in Zürich."

[The foregoing enthusiastic epistle, evidently the production of an amateur, is addressed to the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*. "Herr Franck of Zürich" owes him a wax-candle.—Ed.]

OLMUTZ.—Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, so long and so anxiously expected, has, at length, been produced—it is almost superfluous to add, with complete success.

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We have said that the remarkable qualities of this book are the author's freedom from conventional trammels, the strong sense of his opinions, and the novelty yet evident soundness of his precepts; and this we will show by quoting, unconnectedly, a few passages which cannot fail to strike every reader.

"Voices are too often ruined by giving pupils difficult songs, in order to gratify their vanity or that of their friends, before they have acquired the power of sustaining the voice, throughout its natural extent, with a firm and clear intonation. When it is recollected that it has taken years of application and study to enable professional singers to execute properly the songs we are accustomed to hear attempted by almost every young lady who is requested to sing in a drawing-room, the absurdity of the prevailing system becomes self-evident.

"I strenuously advise all who wish to sing not to defer the commencement of this study, as is generally the case, till the pupil arrives at the age of 17 or 18, by which time young ladies ought to be good singers, but to commence early, at about 13 or 14 years of age, and resisting the gratification of singing a number of songs for the amusement of their friends (the word may be taken in more senses than one), to devote sufficient time to what may be termed the drudgery of singing, so as to enable them to acquire the power of sustaining the voice, easily to themselves and agreeably to the air.

"Many young ladies now-a-days speak habitually in a feigned voice. Here lies the greatest difficulty in teaching, or practising singing; for should neither the pupil nor master know the *real* tone of the voice, the more earnestly they work together the sooner the voice deteriorates. In my experience I have found this difficulty most easily overcome by making the pupil read any sentence in a deep tone, as though in earnest conversation, beginning two or three notes below what they consider their lowest notes; but, as the lower and richer tones of the voice are generally objectionable to young singers, all of whom are ambitious to sing high, it requires much firmness and some coaxing on the part of the master to get the pupil to submit to this exercise. I cannot advise too strongly the greatest attention to the free and natural development of the lower tones of the voice: it is to the stability of the voice what a deep foundation is to the building of a house.

"In conclusion, I must add a few words on a subject of great importance to the pupil who makes singing a study. I mean the spirit in which instruction is received. Every emotion of the mind affects the voice immediately; therefore it is of the utmost importance that the pupil should receive the lesson with the mind entirely unpreoccupied by other matters, and in a perfect spirit of willing submission to the teacher's corrections, however frequent, and however unimportant they may appear; for it is simply by the constant correction of little *nothings* that beauty of intonation and elegance of singing are obtained."—*Daily News*.

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"Last week we mentioned the successful production of this operetta at Drury Lane, and spoke with just commendation of Mr. Glover's music. The most favourite pieces have been published, and are now before us. Their perusal strengthens the agreeable impression we received from their performance on the stage. 'The love you've slighted still is true,' sung by Mlle. Baur in the character of the heroine, is a very pathetic song; we have seldom found so much melody and expression conveyed by a few simple notes; while, simple as these notes are, they derive novelty and interest from the very happy modulations in the second part of the air. 'Love is a gentle thing' is a lighter and more lively strain, but of the same simple and natural character—a character which pervades all Mr. Glover's music, and gives it a peculiar charm seldom possessed by the most elaborate productions of the art. It is a charm, indeed, which is the effect of consummate art. It is a mistake to suppose that it is easy to write simple music. 'Ah!' said Carissimi, the most melodious of the old Italian masters—'Ah, guesto facile, quanto è difficile!' In this difficult facility Mr. Glover is not excelled by any melodist of the day. 'A young and artless maiden' is a romance for the tenor voice, full of tenderness and passion. In the concert-room or private circle this little romance will always be charming. 'The monks were jolly boys' is a good comic song, which Formes sings with considerable humour. There is something amusing in the mock solemnity of some of the passages; and several of the progressions of harmony have an antique quaintness which is pleasant. These songs are worthy of the author of *Ray Blas*, one of the best works of the modern English school."—*The Press*.

"Mr. Glover's operetta is a decided, and, what is better, a legitimate, 'hit.' The songs before us have already attained a well-merited popularity. 'The monks were jolly boys' is as racy as the best of the old English ditties, harmonised with equal quaintness and skill, and thoroughly well suited to the voice of Herr Formes. 'The love you've slighted still is true' (for Mlle. Jenny Baur) has a melody of charming freshness. Not less a model ballad in its way is 'A young and artless maiden' (for Herr Reichardt), which sets out with an elegantly melodious phrase. Perhaps more to our liking, however, than any of the foregoing, excellent and genuine as they are, is 'Love is a gentle thing' (for Miss Emma Heywood), which enters the more refined regions of the ballad-school, and attains an expression as true as it is graceful. The opening holds out a promise which the sequel entirely fulfils. We shall look with real interest for the remaining pieces of *Once too Often*."—*Musical World*.

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